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No. 1

the GHOST RIDER

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THIS IS THE TALE OF THE GHOST RIDER—

A MAN BORN TO THE WEST! A MAN WHO HATES EVIL AND THE DEATHS AND ROBBERIES AND LOOTINGS THAT THE BANDITS AND OUTLAWS OF THE OLD WEST LEFT IN THEIR RUTHLESS PATH! A MAN TRAINED BY THE GHOSTLY HANDS OF THE MEN WHO MADE THE WEST SAFE, AND WHO GAVE THEIR OWN LIVES THAT OTHER MEN MIGHT LIVE!

WILD BILL HICKOK... PAT GARRETT WHO KILLED BILLY THE KID... CALAMITY JANE... KIT CARSON, WHO KNEW THE INDIANS AND THEIR WAYS...

THIS, THEN, IS THE STORY OF HOW THE GHOST RIDER WAS BORN AND GREW, UNTIL THE LEGENDS OF HIM IN THE NIGHTS AROUND THE LONELY CAMP-FIRES SWEEPED LIKE A COLD BREEZE DOWN THE SPINES OF THOSE WHO FEARED THE LAW...

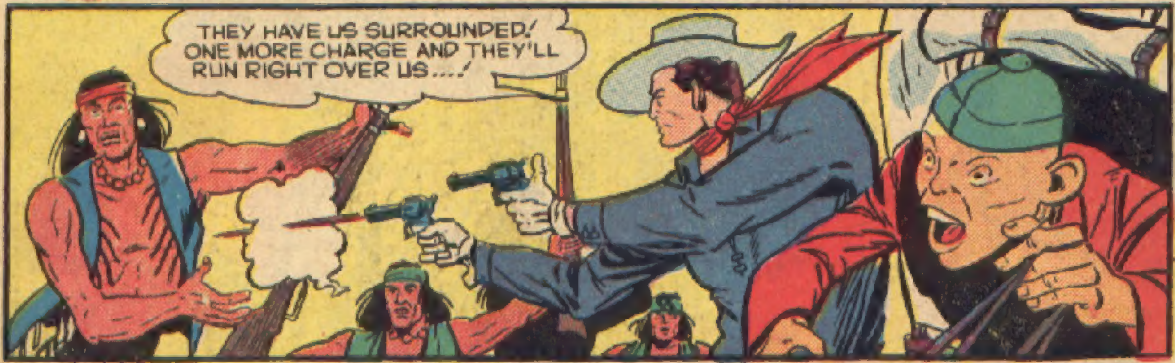
DICK AYERS

IT ALL BEGAN WHEN A BAND OF APACHES, LED BY A WHITE MAN DISGUISED AS AN INDIAN, RAIDED THE LITTLE TRAVELLING STORE RUN BY A MAN NAMED REX FURY AND KNOWN AS "THE CALICO KID"...

LOOKS BAD, SING SONG!



THEY HAVE US SURROUNDED! ONE MORE CHARGE AND THEY'LL RUN RIGHT OVER US....!



THE GHOST RIDER

ALTHOUGH REX FURY FOUGHT LIKE A MAN DEMENTED, THE APACHES PROVED TOO MUCH FOR HIM ...



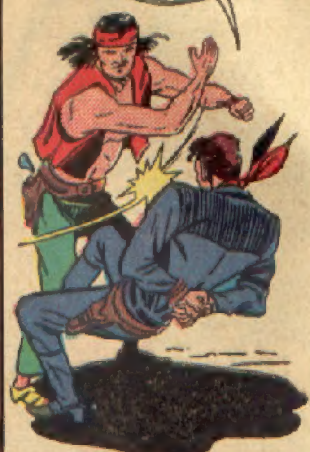
YOU! BART LASHER! A WHITE MAN — A RENEGADE KILLER!

YOU KNOW TOO MUCH, FURY! ESPECIALLY FOR A U.S. MARSHAL!

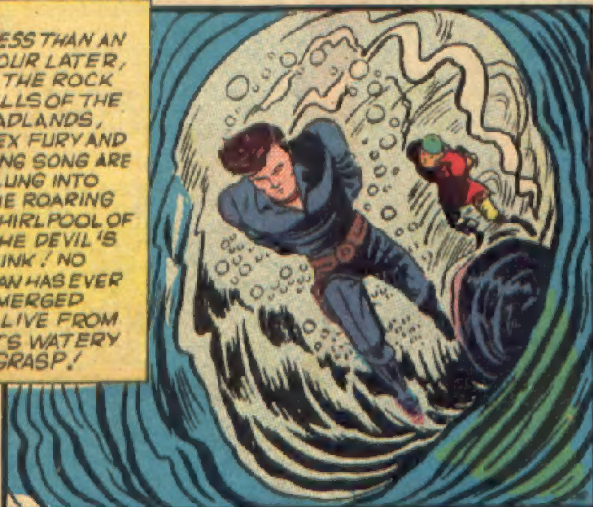


TAKE THIS HOMBRE TO THE DEVIL'S SINK!

OH!!



LESS THAN AN HOUR LATER, IN THE ROCK HILLS OF THE BADLANDS, REX FURY AND SING SONG ARE FLUNG INTO THE ROARING WHIRLPOOL OF THE DEVIL'S SINK! NO MAN HAS EVER EMERGED ALIVE FROM ITS WATERY GRASP!

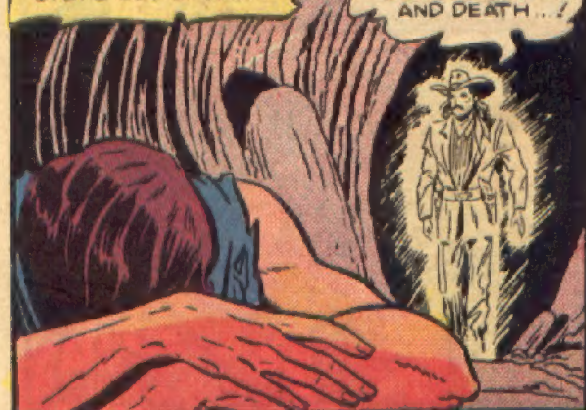


DEEPER AND DEEPER IN THE VORACIOUS WATERS SPIN THE TWO MEN... DRAGGED ALONG BY THE MAD CURRENT... BATTERED ON ROCKS... LUNGS BURSTING FOR AIR... UNTIL SUDDENLY THE WATERS RELEASE THEIR GREEDY GRIP...

GOT TO... REACH THAT ROCK LEDGE... REST... REST AND AIR... FOR MY LUNGS...



FACE DOWN, REX FURY LIES AS ONE DEAD. HE DOES NOT SEE A GLOWING NIMBUS OF LIGHT, OR THE MAN WHO STEPS OUT OF IT...



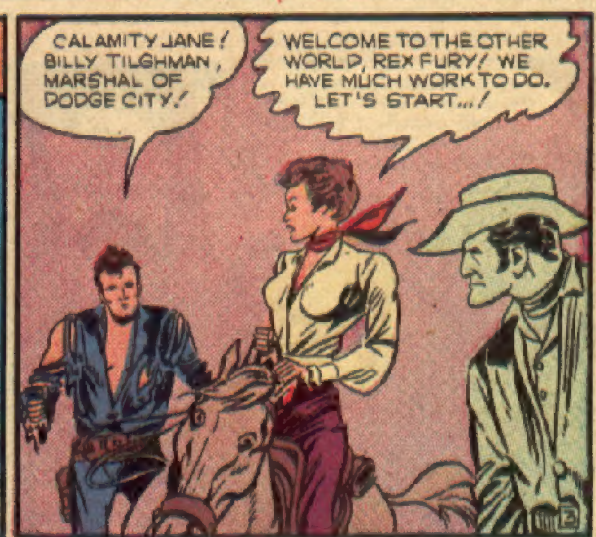
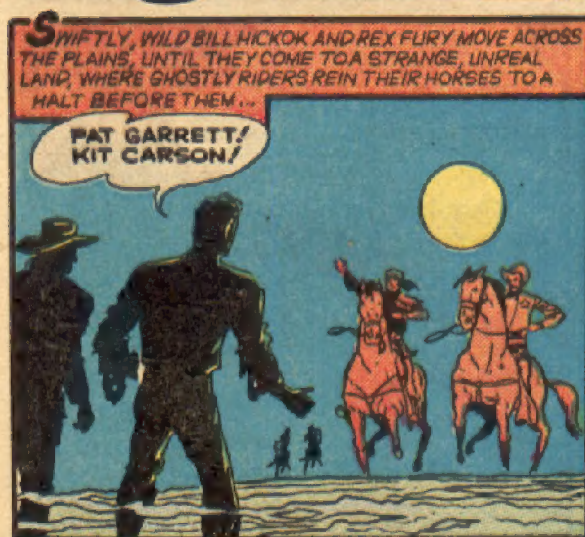
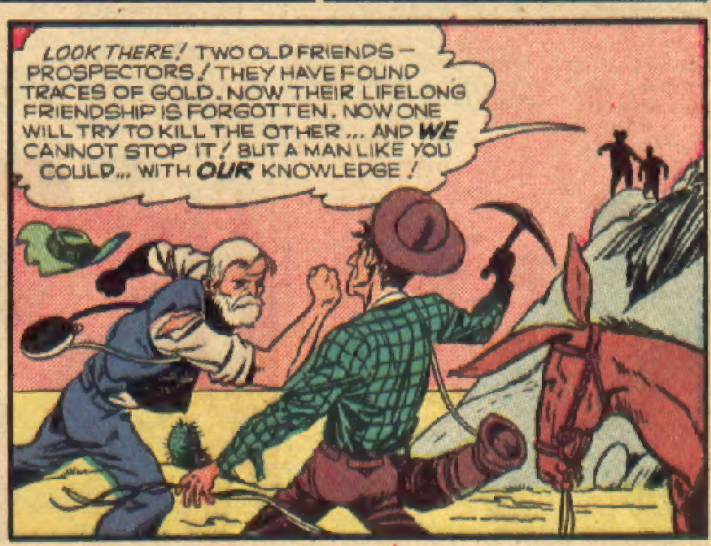
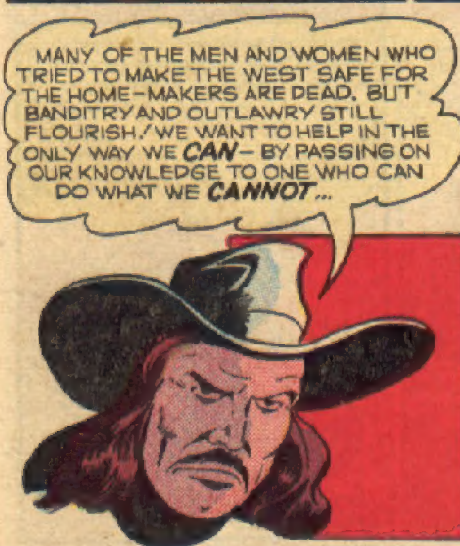
HE IS FAR GONE... ALMOST DEAD! HE IS ON THE VERY BORDERLINE BETWEEN LIFE... AND DEATH...!

REX FURY! AWAKE! OPEN YOUR EYES...



HUH? WHAT...? SAY... I KNOW YOU. YOU'RE WILD BILL HICKOK! BUT — YOU'RE DEAD! DEAD!

THE GHOST RIDER

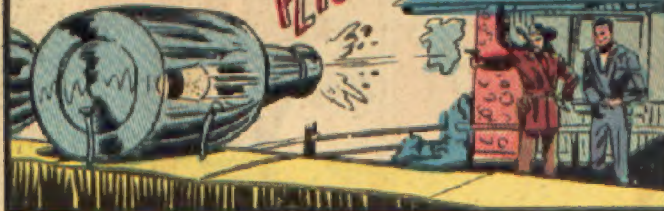


THE GHOST RIDER

THE FIRST LESSON—WITH SIXGUNS—IS TAUGHT BY A MASTER OF THE TRADE—WILD BILL HICKOK!

WHEN YOU CAN DRIVE THE CORK INTO A BOTTLE AT FIFTY PACES, YOU'LL BE GOOD, REX—YOU'LL BE A MARKSMAN...

CLICK!



PRACTICE! CONSTANT PRACTICE! ALWAYS KEEP AT IT, AND YOU'LL NEVER MISS! ... THAT'S IT ... A FIRM GRIP ... EYES FIXED ON YOUR TARGET! A GENTLE RELEASE OF THE HAMMER ... WRISTS SET FOR THE RECOIL ...



FOR SPEED OF DRAW—BILLY TILGHMAN!

I STOOD IN FRONT OF A BIG MIRROR HOUR AFTER HOUR! I WATCHED MYSELF AS MY HANDS DREW OUT MY GUNS ... CUT OUT EVERY UNNECESSARY MOVE! KEPT MY EYES COLD ... NEVER REVEALING THE MOMENT WHEN I WOULD GO FOR MY COLTS ...



HOUR BY HOUR, REX FURY'S HANDS GATHER THE MAGICAL SPEED AND ACCURACY OF THE GUNHANDS OF WILD BILL HICKOK AND BILLY TILGHMAN...



HE'LL DO!

BETTER THAN ANY MAN ALIVE!

RIDING THE PRAIRIE WITH CALAMITY JANE ... LEARNING THE FINER POINTS OF RIFLE FIRE ...

KEEP YOUR MUZZLE STEADY... WATCH THE SHADOWS MOVE ALONG YOUR BARREL WHEN YOU HAVE NO TIME TO LINE UP YOUR SIGHTS ...

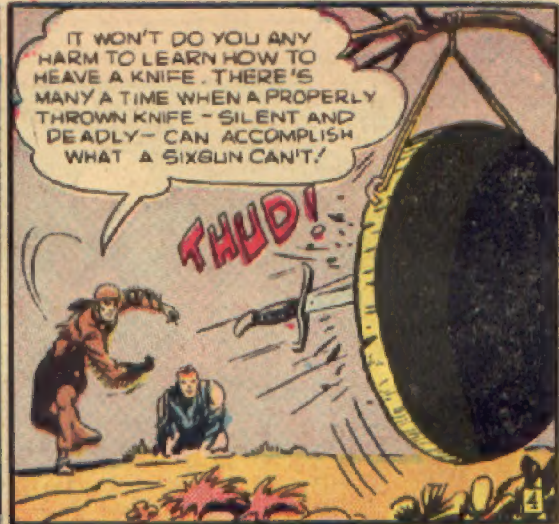


AND THEN KIT CARSON TAKES REX FURY UNDER HIS WING

YOU HAVE TO LEARN TO HIDE YOUR TRACKS... INJUNS CAN SEE A BLADE OF GRASS THAT'S BEEN MISPLACED...



IT WON'T DO YOU ANY HARM TO LEARN HOW TO HEAVE A KNIFE. THERE'S MANY A TIME WHEN A PROPERLY THROWN KNIFE—SILENT AND DEADLY—CAN ACCOMPLISH WHAT A SIXGUN CAN'T!



THUD!

THE GHOST RIDER



DON'T LAUGH AT AN INDIAN BOW AND ARROW, EITHER. THEY MAKE MIGHTY FINE WEAPONS. I'VE SEEN INJUN BUCKS DRIVE AN ARROW PLUMB THROUGH A BUFFALO!

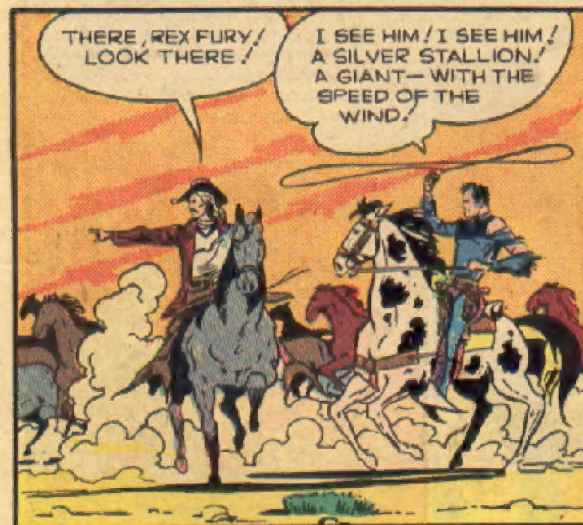


SWIFTLY THE SKILL OF A MOUNTAIN MAN CAME TO REX FURY. SOON HE COULD RISE FROM A MOTIONLESS BRUSH, TOMAHAWK FLASHING AS HIS PRACTICED HAND THREW IT WITH DEADLY ACCURACY...



ONE THING YET REMAINS! YOU MUST HAVE A HORSE — A STREAK OF SWIFTNESS TO CARRY YOU ACROSS THE TRACKLESS PLAINS...

WHERE WILL I FIND SUCH A HORSE?



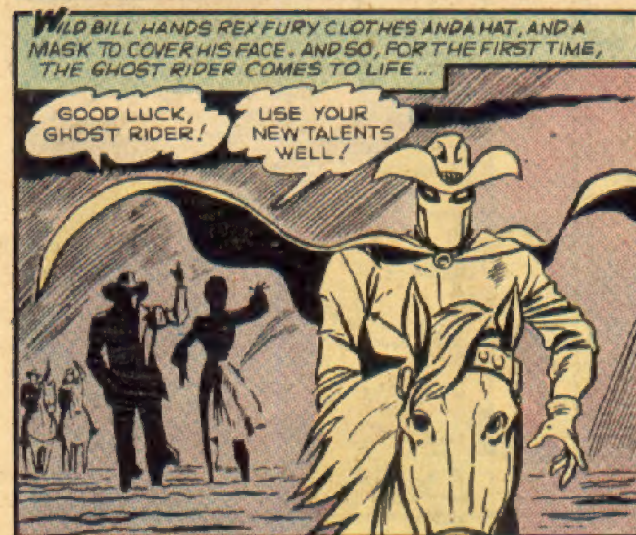
THERE, REX FURY! LOOK THERE!

I SEE HIM! I SEE HIM! A SILVER STALLION, A GIANT — WITH THE SPEED OF THE WIND.



FOR ENDLESS DAYS, IT SEEMS TO REX FURY, HE RIDES HORSE AFTER HORSE TO EXHAUSTED STAGGERS UNDER HIM, TRYING TO OVERTAKE THAT MIGHTY STALLION. AND THEN ONE DAY, WITH A LUCKY TOSS...

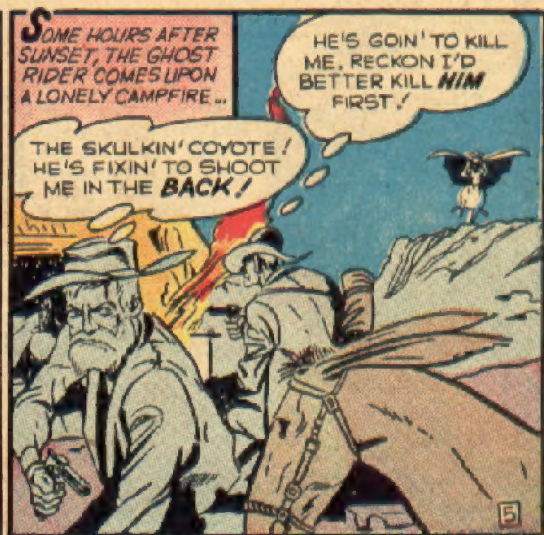
I CAN NEVER CATCH HIM... NEVER! AND YET... I MUST! MY ROPE... FALLING AROUND HIS NECK! **I'VE GOT HIM!**



WILD BILL HANDS REX FURY CLOTHES AND A HAT, AND A MASK TO COVER HIS FACE. AND SO, FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE GHOST RIDER COMES TO LIFE...

GOOD LUCK, GHOST RIDER!

USE YOUR NEW TALENTS WELL!

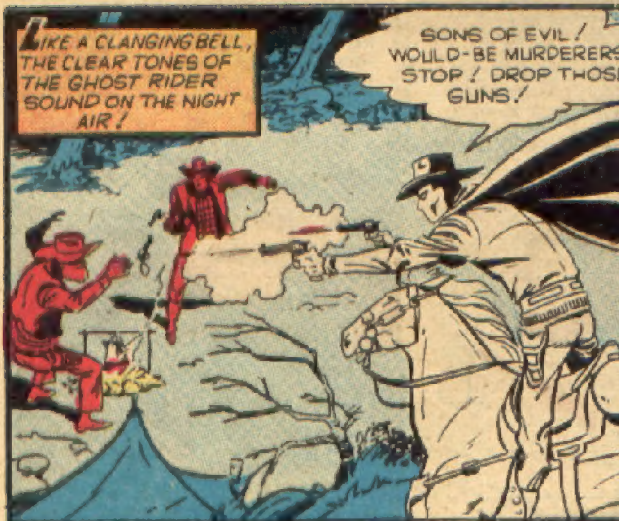


SOME HOURS AFTER SUNSET, THE GHOST RIDER COMES UPON A LONELY CAMPFIRE...

HE'S GOIN' TO KILL ME, RECKON I'D BETTER KILL HIM FIRST!

THE SKULKIN' COYOTE! HE'S FIXIN' TO SHOOT ME IN THE **BACK!**

THE GHOST RIDER



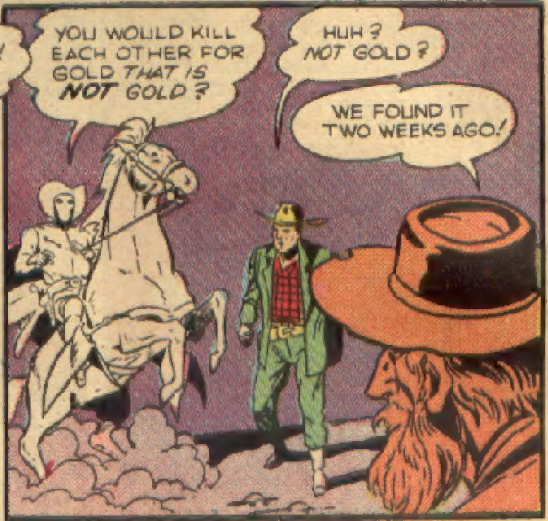
LIKE A CLANGING BELL,
THE CLEAR TONES OF
THE GHOST RIDER
SOUND ON THE NIGHT
AIR!

SONS OF EVIL!
WOULD-BE MURDERERS!
STOP! DROP THOSE
GUNS!

YOU WOULD KILL
EACH OTHER FOR
GOLD THAT IS
NOT GOLD?

HUH?
NOT GOLD?

WE FOUND IT
TWO WEEKS AGO!



LOOK THERE! YOUR
GOLD IN THE EMBERS
OF YOUR CAMPFIRE!
IT TURNS **BLACK!**
IT IS NOT GOLD—
BUT **IRON
PYRITES!**

THUNDERATION!
IRON PYRITES!
THAT'S **FOOL'S
GOLD!**

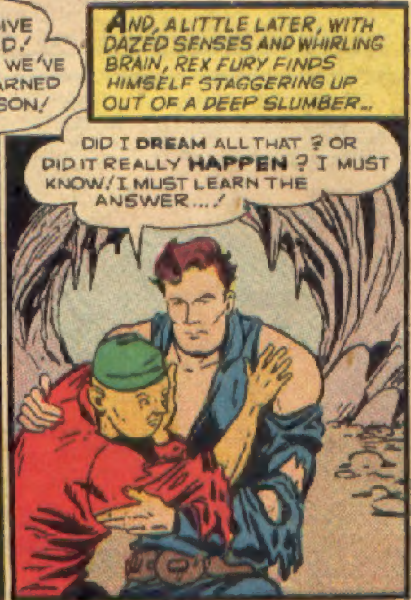
THAT'S **US,**
ED—A COUPLE
OF FOOLS!



FORGIVE ME,
PETE! I WAS
A SUSPICIOUS
OLD IDIOT!

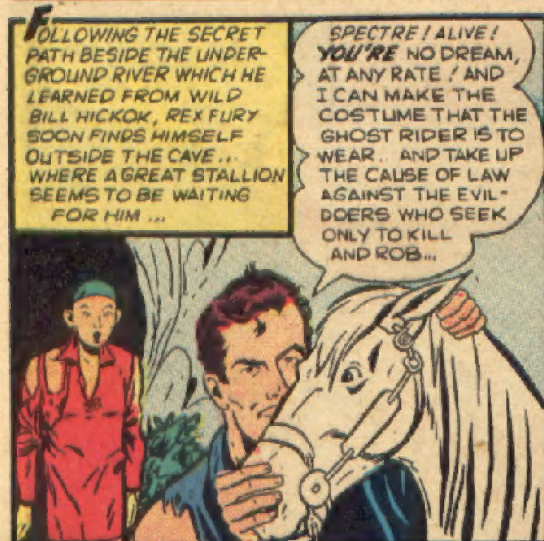
YOU FORGIVE
ME, TOO, ED!
I RECKON WE'VE
DONE LEARNED
OUR LESSON!

NOW TO RETURN
TO THE CAVE—
AND SING SONG!



AND, A LITTLE LATER, WITH
DAZED SENSES AND WHIRLING
BRAIN, REX FURY FINDS
HIMSELF STAGGERING UP
OUT OF A DEEP SLUMBER...

DID I DREAM ALL THAT? OR
DID IT REALLY **HAPPEN**? I MUST
KNOW! I MUST LEARN THE
ANSWER...!



FOLLOWING THE SECRET
PATH BESIDE THE UNDER-
GROUND RIVER WHICH HE
LEARNED FROM WILD
BILL HICKOK, REX FURY
SOON FINDS HIMSELF
OUTSIDE THE CAVE...
WHERE A GREAT STALLION
SEEMS TO BE WAITING
FOR HIM...

SPECTRE! ALIVE!
YOU'RE NO DREAM,
AT ANY RATE! AND
I CAN MAKE THE
COSTUME THAT THE
GHOST RIDER IS TO
WEAR... AND TAKE UP
THE CAUSE OF LAW
AGAINST THE EVIL-
DOERS WHO SEEK
ONLY TO KILL
AND ROB...

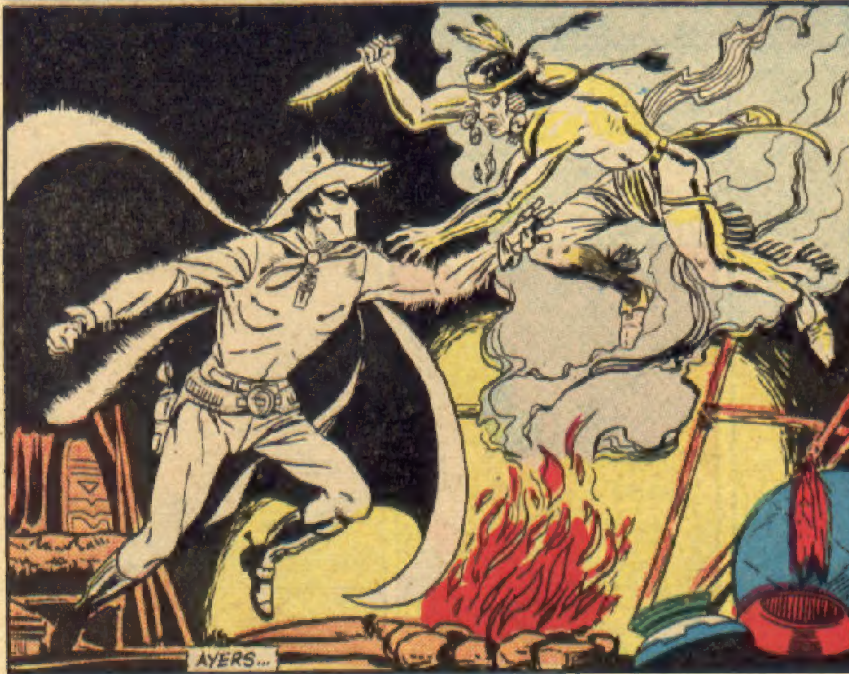
THUS
CAME THE
GHOST RIDER
TO HAUNT THE
TRAILS FROM
TEXAS TO
MONTANA,
FROM
MISSOURI
TO KANSAS.
HIS STATURE
GREW WITH
EVERY TALE
OF HIM, UNTIL
EVEN HARDENED
CRIMINALS SHOOK
WHEN RUMOR
SAID HE WAS
RIDING THE
MIDNIGHT
WINDS...



FASTER, SPECTRE,
FASTER! THERE'S WORK
TO BE DONE TONIGHT,
BEFORE THE SUN
COMES UP....!

THE GHOST RIDER

the GHOST RIDER



AYERS...



UP FROM THE REDMAN'S
NETHER WORLD OF NA'AKA
DAYA CAME THE WRAITH
OF WAKONDA — SPIRIT
WARRIOR OF ALL THE
TRIBES, AND AT HIS
SUMMONS, THE OSAGE
AND KIOWA, CHEYENNE
AND ARAPAHO DAUBED ON
THEIR WAR-PAINT AND RODE
TO KILL THE WHITES —
FOR ONLY THE EERIE
FIGURE OF THE GHOST
RIDER HIMSELF COULD
FACE THE STRANGE,
GLOWING FORM OF...

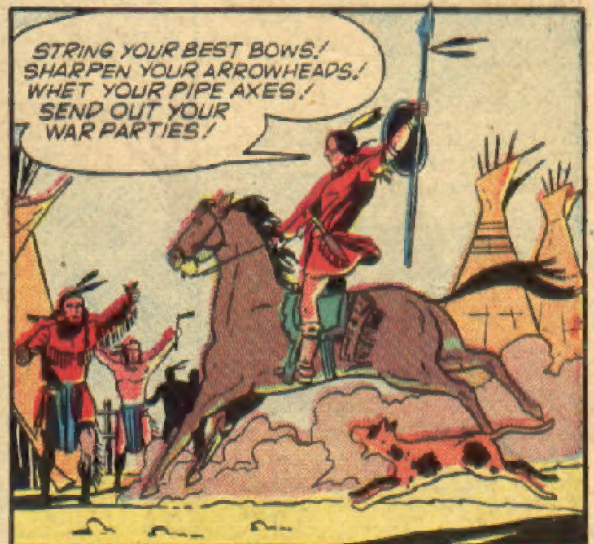
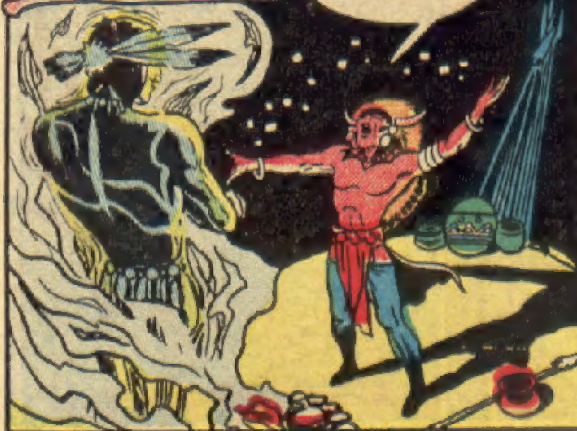
**THE
FIRE
GHOST!**

DEEP IN THE HEART OF
SANGRE DE CRISTO
MOUNTAINS, MEDICINE
MAN MANY FEATHERS
SPEAKS WITH THE
THING HE HAS CALLED
UP FROM BEYOND...

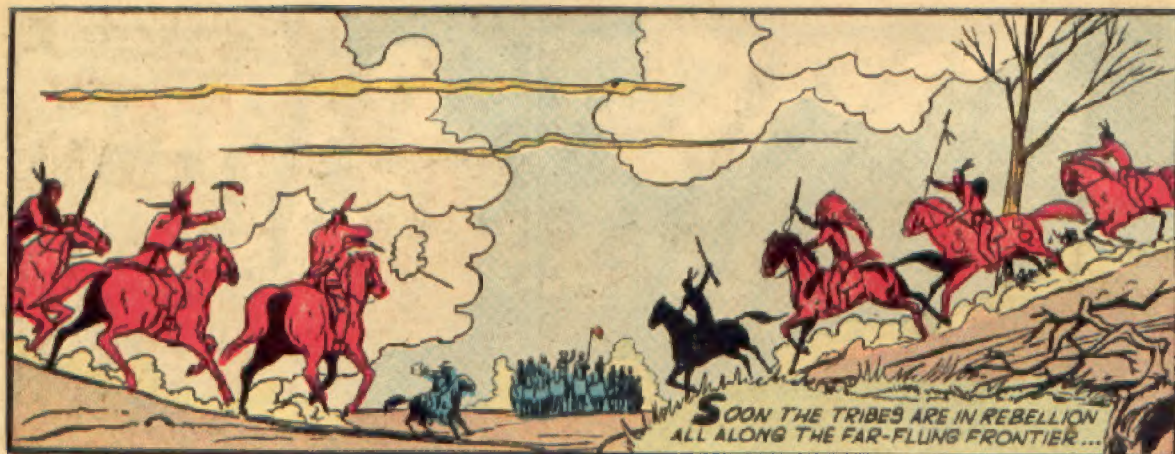
SPEAK TO YOUR
PEOPLE, SPIRIT OF
THE DEAD! TELL
THEM OF OUR PAST
GLORIES! SUMMON
THEM TO COUNCIL
FIRE AND
WARPATH!

WORD SPREADS SOUTH TO THE KIOWAS, NORTH
TO THE CHEYENNES, A SPIRIT-GOD HAS RISEN!

STRING YOUR BEST BOWS!
SHARPEN YOUR ARROWHEADS!
WHET YOUR PIPE AXES!
SEND OUT YOUR
WAR PARTIES!



THE GHOST RIDER



SOON THE TRIBES ARE IN REBELLION
ALL ALONG THE FAR-FLUNG FRONTIER...

THE CAPTAIN'S DOWN!
OFF SADDLE! FORM A
RING! DISMOUNT!

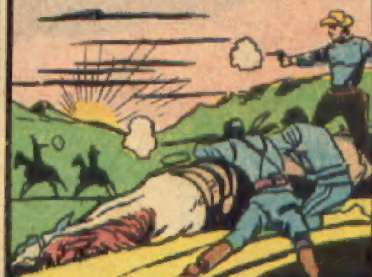


THEY'VE GOT
US IN A RING,
CORPORAL!
WE'LL NEVER
GET OUT OF
THIS ALIVE!

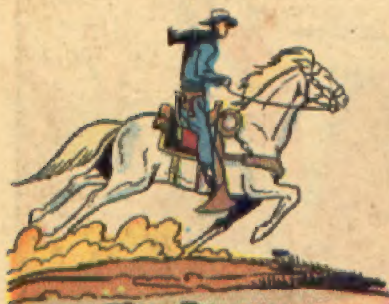
WE CAN TRY,
SIR... IT'S
GETTING ON
TOWARD
DUSK
INJUNS RARELY
FIGHT AT
NIGHT!



THESE REDSKINS DON'T
FIGHT BY THE BOOK - NOT
WITH THAT GHOST INJUN
ROUSIN' 'EM UP! THEY'LL
WASH OVER US LIKE A
WAVE OVER A ROCK -
DAY OR NIGHT!

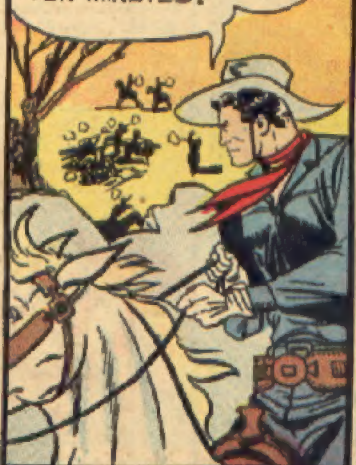


GUNFIRE TO THE EAST!
SPENCER ARMY CARBINES -
AND THE OSAGE AND
KIOWA WARCRY!



UP FROM THE SOUTH GALLOPS
A WHITE STALLION, AND STANDING
IN THE STIRRUPS - REX FURY...

AN ARMY DETAIL -
SURROUNDED, OUT-NUMBERED!
THOSE REDSKINS WILL RIDE
RIGHT OVER THEIR DEAD
BODIES IN ANOTHER
TEN MINUTES!

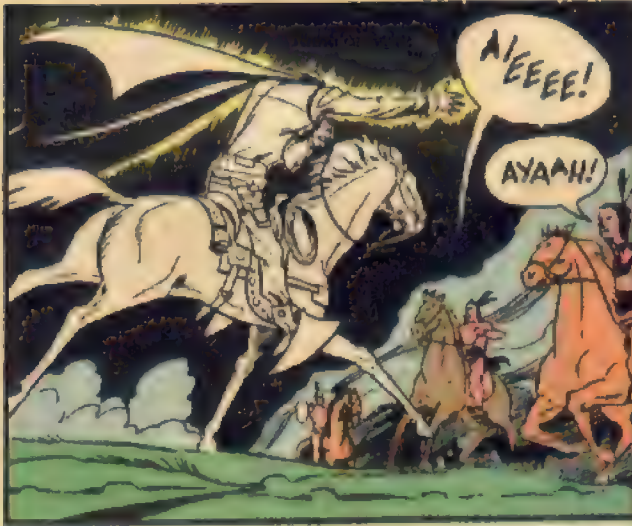


SECONDS LATER, AS THE LAST
RAYS OF THE SUNSET DISAPPEAR
FROM THE SAGELANDS - REX FURY
IS TRANSFORMED...



NOW
THAT IT'S DARK -
THE GHOST RIDER
WILL TAKE A
HAND IN THE
ACTION...

THE GHOST RIDER



AI EEE!

AYAAH!



THE GHOST RIDER!

HE WHO RIDES THE MIDNIGHT WINDS! WAUGHNN!



THEY'RE SCATTERING, SIR! BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT. THAT GHOST INJUN WHO HAS ROUSED THEIR TRIBES IS HELPING US FOR A CHANGE!

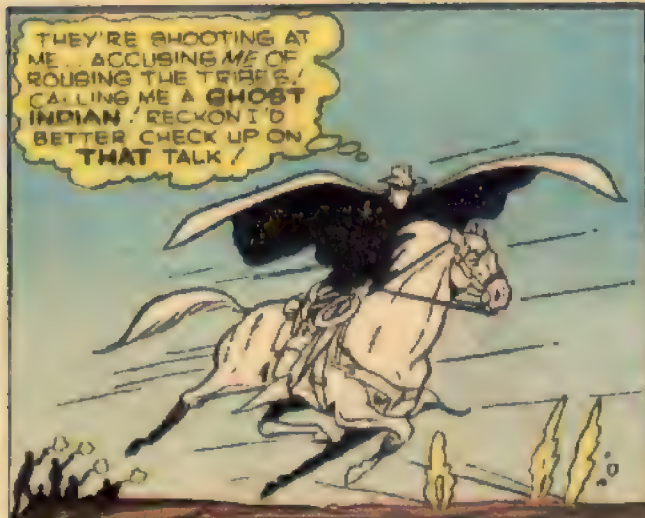
JUST A TRICK, CORPORAL!

HE'S THE ONE WHO'S BEEN CAUSING ALL THE TROUBLE! HE RIDES WITH THEM, EGGING THEM ON! WITH HIM ON THEIR SIDE, THEY CAN'T BE BEATEN!

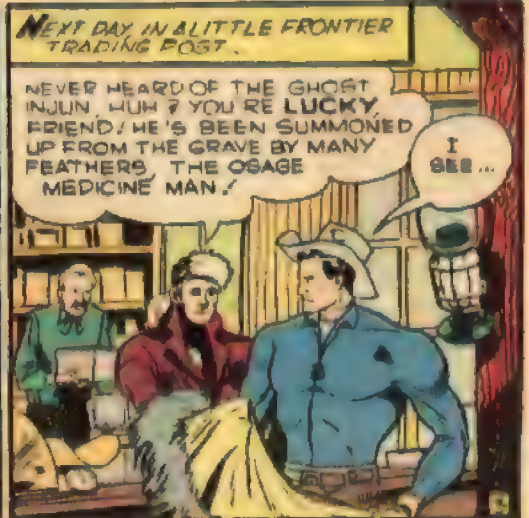


GHOST OR NOT, HE DIES! BRING HIM DOWN, MEN!

HE'S NO EASY TARGET, SIR! PARTS OF HIM KEEP APPEARING AND DISAPPEARING!



THEY'RE SHOOTING AT ME... ACCUSING ME OF ROUSING THE TRIBES! CALLING ME A GHOST INDIAN! RECKON I'D BETTER CHECK UP ON THAT TALK!

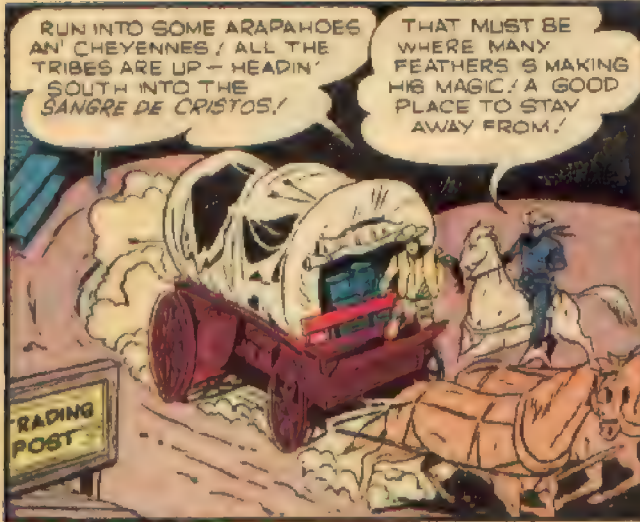


NEXT DAY IN A LITTLE FRONTIER TRADING POST...

NEVER HEARD OF THE GHOST INJUN. HUM? YOU'RE LUCKY, FRIEND! HE'S BEEN SUMMONED UP FROM THE GRAVE BY MANY FEATHERS, THE OSAGE MEDICINE MAN!

I SEE...

THE GHOST RIDER



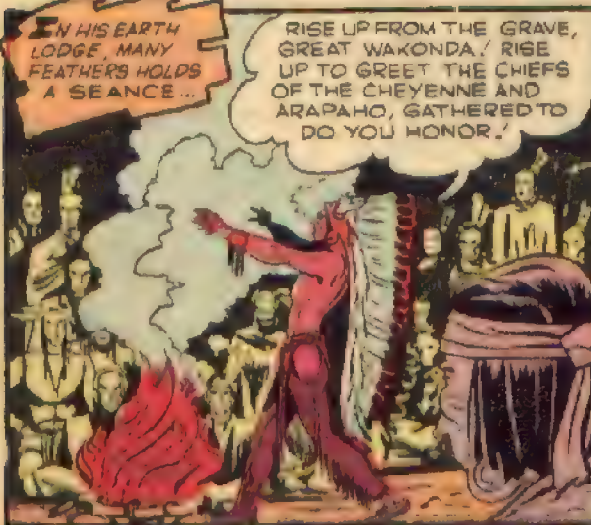
RUN INTO SOME ARAPAHOS
AN' CHEYENNES / ALL THE
TRIBES ARE UP - HEADIN'
SOUTH INTO THE
SANGRE DE CRISTOS!

THAT MUST BE
WHERE MANY
FEATHERS'S MAKING
HIS MAGIC / A GOOD
PLACE TO STAY
AWAY FROM!



THAT
NIGHT—

BUT, AS THE
GHOST RIDER, I
MUST RIDE WHERE
OTHER MEN FEAR
TO BE SEEN!



IN HIS EARTH
LODGE, MANY
FEATHERS HOLDS
A SEANCE...

RISE UP FROM THE GRAVE,
GREAT WAKONDA! RISE
UP TO GREET THE CHIEFS
OF THE CHEYENNE AND
ARAPAHO, GATHERED TO
DO YOU HONOR!



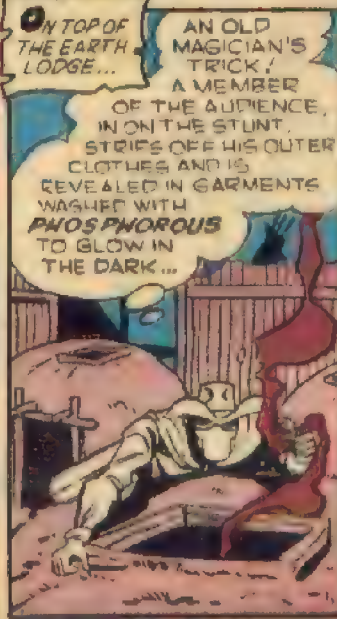
I HEAR YOUR CALL,
GREAT SHAMAN!
I OBEY YOUR
SUMMONS!
I AM HERE!



GREAT
WAKONDA!

AW-
WALUGH!

I HAVE COME TO
SHARE MY WISDOM
WITH YOU, MIGHTY
CHIEFS, I PROMISE
YOU THE WHITE
INVADERS SHALL
BE DRIVEN OUT
OF YOUR HUNTING
GROUNDS...



ON TOP OF
THE EARTH
LODGE...

AN OLD
MAGICIAN'S
TRICK! A MEMBER
OF THE AUDIENCE,
IN ON THE STUNT,
STRIPS OFF HIS OUTER
CLOTHES AND IS
REVEALED IN GARMENTS
WASHED WITH
PHOSPHOROUS
TO GLOW IN
THE DARK...



THIS TIME MANY FEATHERS
WILL GET MORE THAN HE
BARGAINED FOR / INSTEAD
OF CALLING UP JUST ONE
GHOST - HE WILL CALL
UP TWO...

THE GHOST RIDER



AYA T'LETH NA DAGA!
LOOK! ANOTHER SPIRIT—
COME TO JOIN THE
GREAT WAKONDA!



GREETING, FALSE WAKONDA!
THE SPIRITS OF YOUR ANCESTORS
SEND A MESSAGE ...!

AMBOOYAK!



WITH THE FORCE OF AN EXPLOSION,
THE ALREADY FRAYED NERVES OF THE
INDIAN WARRIORS SNAP— AND THEY
FLEE LIKE FRIGHTENED
CHILDREN!

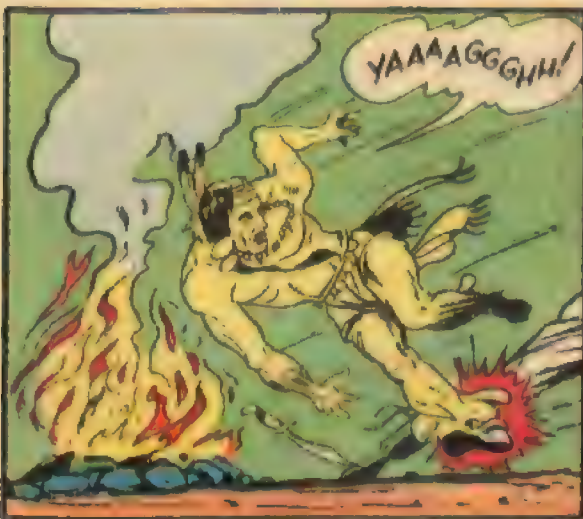
DEAD MEN—
FIGHTING!



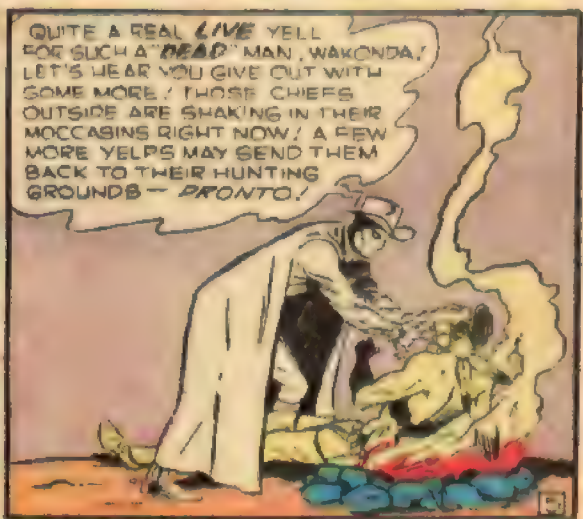
THE LAST TO LEAVE IS MANY
FEATHERS— NOT BECAUSE HE
IS SO BRAVE— BUT BECAUSE
HE HAS FAINTED!



GREAT WAKONDA
LANDED FLAT ON
MANY FEATHERS!



YAAAAGGGHH!



QUITE A REAL LIVE YELL
FOR SUCH A "DEAD" MAN, WAKONDA!
LET'S HEAR YOU GIVE OUT WITH
SOME MORE! THOSE CHIEFS
OUTSIDE ARE SHAKING IN THEIR
MOCCASINS RIGHT NOW! A FEW
MORE YELPS MAY SEND THEM
BACK TO THEIR HUNTING
GROUNDS— PRONTO!

THE GHOST RIDER



WHE-WHERE
AM I?
WHA-WHAT
HAPPENED?

O
SUMMONER
OF GHOSTS!
TWO GHOSTS
ARE IN THE
LODGE!
FIGHTING!
LISTEN!



AS THE UNEARTHLY SCREAMS
GROW IN VOLUME, THE SHORT
HAIRS ON THE NAPES OF THE
INDIANS' NECKS STANDS
STRAIGHT UP IN FRIGHT!

YAAA-HI-EEE-OOOOWW!



**INSIDE
THE
LODGE...**

YOU ARE NO
SPIRIT! YOUR
NOSE BLEEDS
FREELY! WHO
ARE YOU?

I AM—
HUNTING
HORSE!



MANY FEATHERS PAY ME HEAP
MUCH PONIES TO BE GHOST FOR
HIM! HE TEACH ME HOW PUT ON
GLOW-STUFF, JUMP QUICK INTO
SMOKE AFTER I TAKE OFF
SHIRT AND LEGGINGS...

A
RAGING
MANY
FEATHERS,
FURIOUS
AT BEING
THE BUTT
OF THE
GHOST
RIDER
PLANS A
HIDEOUS
TRAP
FOR
HIM...



WE WILL KILL THE BAD
SPIRIT IN THE LODGE!
WE WILL NOT HARM
OUR WAKONDA!

BUT HOW
MAY WE KILL
A SPIRIT?



BY FIRE! FIRE WILL KILL
ALL THINGS - EVEN SPIRITS!
LIGHT ALL THE GRASS AROUND
THE LODGE! THE WIND WILL
BLOW IT INTO THE LODGE,
AND BURN IT ALL!

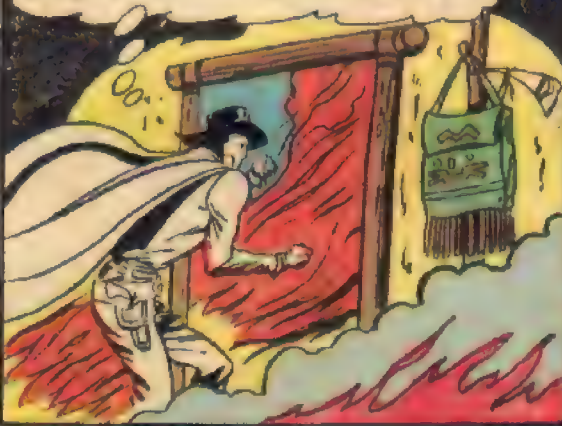
AND IF
HUNTING HORSE
DIES - HE
CANNOT REVEAL
MY TRICK!



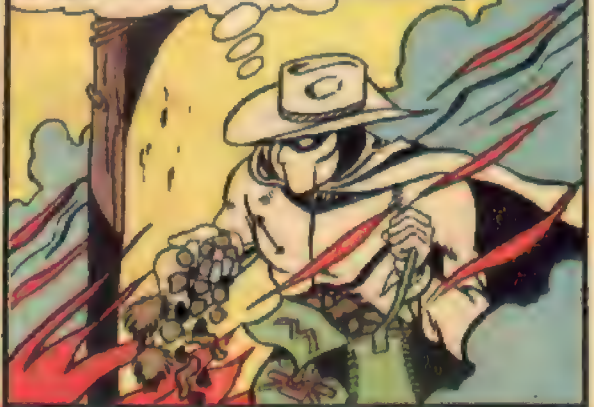
FIRE! I'M TRAPPED!—
IF I TRY TO ESCAPE, THE FIRE
WILL PREVENT MY CLOTHES
FROM GLOWING - WILL REVEAL
ME, NOT AS A GHOST...
BUT AS A MAN!

THE GHOST RIDER

AND THEN THEIR WAR-ARROWS AND PIPE-AXES WILL CUT ME DOWN. NO CHANCE TO GO THROUGH AS A GHOST... NO CHANCE TO ESCAPE AS A MAN. CAUGHT AT LAST!



BUT WAIT...! IF MANY FEATHERS USED THESE WET HERBS AND MOSSES TO MAKE SMOKE FOR HIS WAKONDA, THE SAME WAY INDIANS MAKE SMOKE FOR THEIR SIGNAL FIRES... PERHAPS I TOO CAN USE THEM...



SECONDS LATER, HUGE WALLS OF BILLINGWING SMOKE RISE FROM THE BRIGHT FLAMES AND BLOW OUT ACROSS THE FLATS...

HE COMES! THE ONE WHO RIDES THE MIDNIGHT WINDS!

AGIEYA!
FLEE!
FLEE!

THE BLACK SMOKE IS PERFECT! IT HELPS MY APPEARANCE... AND GIVES ME A CHANCE TO GET AWAY...



THE WAKONDA! BUT—NO!

IT IS THE OSAGE, HUNTING HORSE!

MANY FEATHERS HAS TRICKED US!

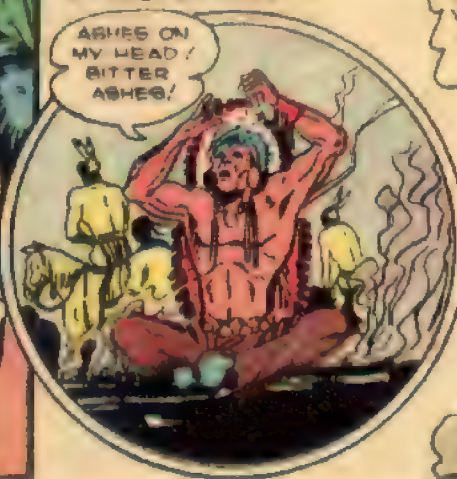


YES, FOOLISH ONES! AN OSAGE SUB-CHIEF / MANY FEATHERS IS A CHEAT AND TRICKSTER! FORSAKE HIM NOW... BEFORE I RETURN TO THE BEYOND AND TELL THE REAL WAKONDA HOW STUPID HIS CHILDREN HAVE GROWN.

GRIM AND SCOWLING, THE ANGRY CHEYENNE AND ARAPAHO AND KIOWA WARRIORS GATHER THEIR MEN AND FLEE FROM THE CAMP. BEHIND THEM, MANY FEATHERS IS A BROKEN MAN...

ASHES ON MY HEAD! BITTER ASHES!

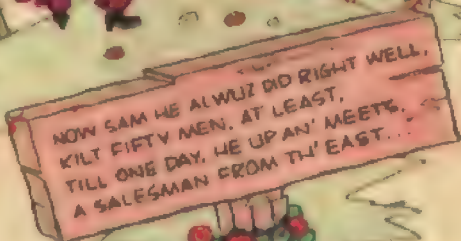
MANY FEATHERS' POWER IS ENDED! IT WILL BE A LONG TIME BEFORE ANOTHER PROPHET ARISES! AND THE TRIBES WILL BE SO ASHAMED THAT THEY WILL KEEP THE PEACE FOR A LONG WHILE TO COME...



The End

THE GHOST RIDER

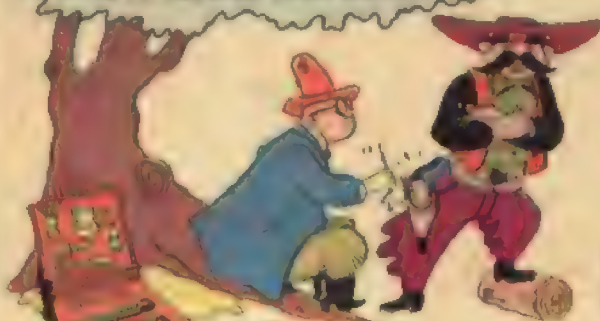
THE SAGA O' SAGEBRUSH SAM



BACK IN TH' WILD AN' WOOLY WEST,
THAR LIVED ONE SAGEBRUSH SAM
HARDER'N BONE, TOUGHER'N STONE,
HE WUZ ONE ORN'RY MAN...

NOW SAM HE ALWUZ DID RIGHT WELL,
KILT FIFTY MEN, AT LEAST,
TILL ONE DAY, HE UP AN' MEETS
A SALESMAN FROM TH' EAST...

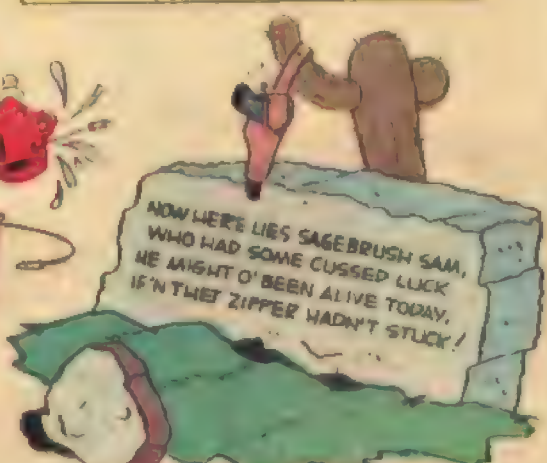
THIS CRITTER'S SELLIN' ZIPPER'S
FIRST SAM HAD SEEN OF ONE
SO HE SEWS TH' DURN CONTRAPTION
TO TH' HOLSTER OF HIS GUN



THEN FIXED IN TH' LATEST FASHION
SAM STALKS DOWN INTA TOWN.
AN' FACE TO FACE HE COMES,
WITH A BAD MAN NAMED MCGOWN...



MCGOWN, HE MOVES TO GIT HIS GUN,
SAM REACHES FER HIS IRON
THEM BULLETS START TO SAIL ABOUT,
A WHISTLIN' AND A SIGHIN'...



NOW HERE LIES SAGEBRUSH SAM,
WHO HAD SOME CUSSED LUCK
HE MIGHT O' BEEN ALIVE TODAY,
IF N THET ZIPPER HADN'T STUCK!

[L. W. Winter]

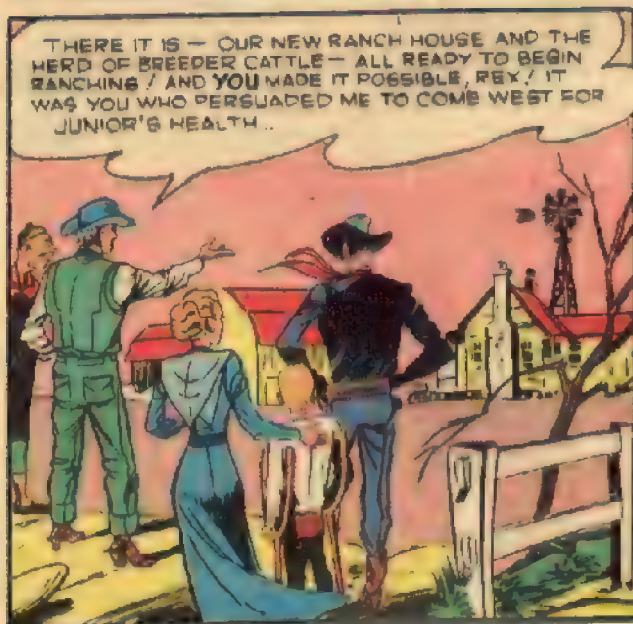
THE GHOST RIDER

the GHOST RIDER

WE KNOW THAT THE GHOST RIDER IS REALLY REX FURY, A FLESH-AND-BLOOD MAN — AND WHAT A MAN!

BUT— TO THE ENEMIES OF JUSTICE, THE GHOST RIDER APPEARS AS A GHOSTLY, FEARFUL FIGURE, SOMETIMES WITHOUT A HEAD, SOMETIMES WITHOUT A BODY, SOMETIMES **TRANSPARENT!** HOW DOES HE DO IT? WHAT IS THE SECRET METHOD WITH WHICH THE GHOST RIDER STRIKES A BLOW FOR FREEDOM IN —

SPOOK JUSTICE



THE GHOST RIDER

YES—BEGINNING A NEW LIFE AS A RANCHER IS GOING TO BE A HARD JOB FOR REX FURY'S FRIEND SAM HARBERG.

AND THERE ARE CERTAIN PEOPLE WHO WOULD LIKE TO MAKE IT EVEN HARDER!

RIGHT THIS MINUTE, WATCHING FROM A HILL OVERLOOKING THE HARBERG RANCH...



WAL, JEB COLE, SPITE O' EVERYTHING WE DONE, IT SHORE LOOKS LIKE THE NEWCOMER, HARBERG, IS ALL SET UP TUH START OPERAT'N!

MEBBE, BUT WE AIN'T DONE **EVERYTHING** YET!

I JEST DON'T COTTON TUH THESE NEW RANCHERS COMIN' IN HYAR RIVALIN' ME AN' HORNIN' IN ON THUH GRAZIN' LAND. IT'S DOWNRIGHT ON-HEALTHY FER ANYBODY TUH COMPETE WITH JEB COLE—AND AFORE I'M THROUGH, THET DUDE SAM HARBERG'S GOIN' TO FIND IT OUT!



LET'S GIT, BOYS. WE'RE COMIN' BACK TONIGHT—**SHOOTIN'!** A LITTLE VIGILANTE RAID TUH SHOOT UP THUH PLACE AN' KILL SOME CATTLE WILL SCARE HARBERG AWAY AN' BE A WARNIN' TUH OTHERS!



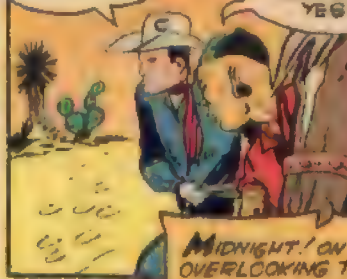
SO, JEB COLE AND HIS GUN-RIDERS, COLD HATED IN THEIR HEARTS, GO BACK TO THEIR OWN RANCH TO PREPARE FOR THEIR MIDNIGHT TERROR. BUT—LET'S NOT FOLLOW THEM YET. NO, LET'S WAIT ON THAT HILL FOR A LITTLE WHILE TO SEE...

HMMM! THESE TRACKS ARE PRETTY FRESH, SING-SONG. FOUR RIDERS CAME UP THIS HILL, WATCHED DOWN ON US, AND THEN TURNED RIGHT BACK AGAIN. WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?

ME SUSPICIOUS, REX. F FRIENDLY, THEY COME RIGHT DOWN AND SAY HELLO-HOWDY. DO LIKE NICE WESTERN NEIGHBORS—YEE?

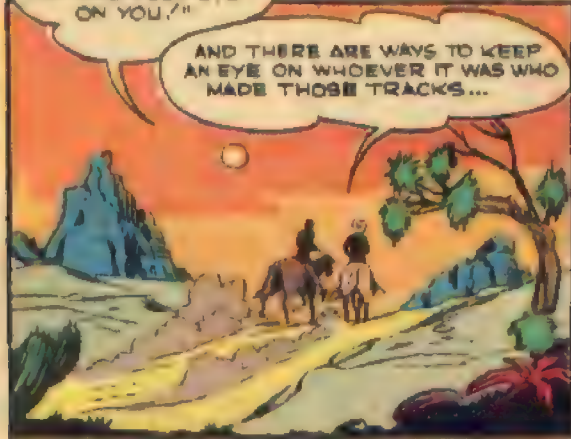
BUT THESE RIDERS, NOT BE FRIENDLY, NO WANT WISH GOOD LUCK OUR FRIEND, SAM—ONLY WANT TO LOOK-SEE AND RIDE AWAY! NO GOOD!

JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN THINKING, SING-SONG. THESE MEN WERE UP TO NO GOOD. THERE ARE A LOT OF PEOPLE IN THESE PARTS WHO DON'T LIKE STRANGERS—THEY WANT THE COUNTRY ALL FOR THEMSELVES.



OLD CHINESE PROVERB SAY: "KEEP EYE ON HIM WHO KEEP EYE ON YOU."

AND THERE ARE WAYS TO KEEP AN EYE ON WHOEVER IT WAS WHO MADE THOSE TRACKS...

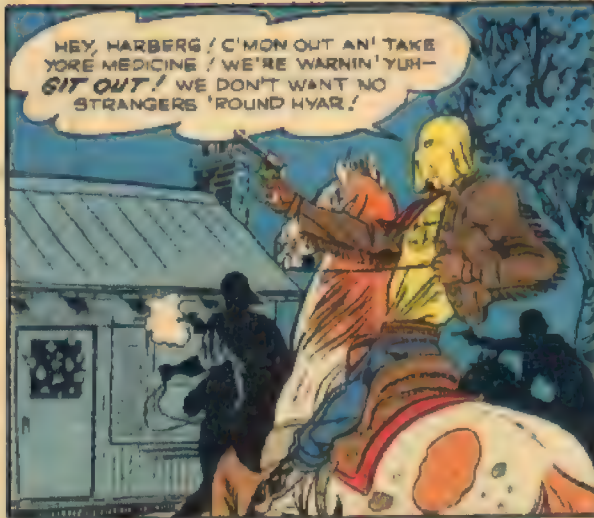


MIDNIGHT! ON THAT SAME HILL OVERLOOKING THE HARBERG RANCH—

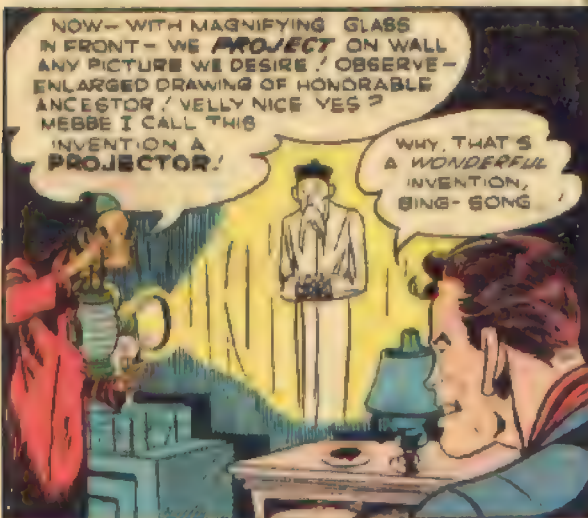
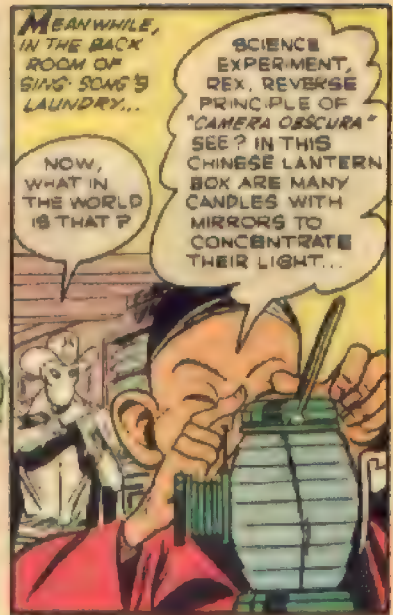
OKAY, MEN—LET'S GO! NO KILLIN' YET—UNLESS THUH HARBERG FELLA FIGHTS BACK/WE'RE JEST OUT TUH SHOOT UP THUH PLACE A MITE—JEST TUH SKEER HIM OFF!



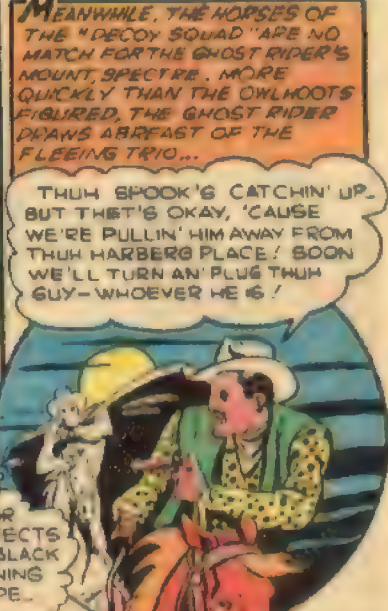
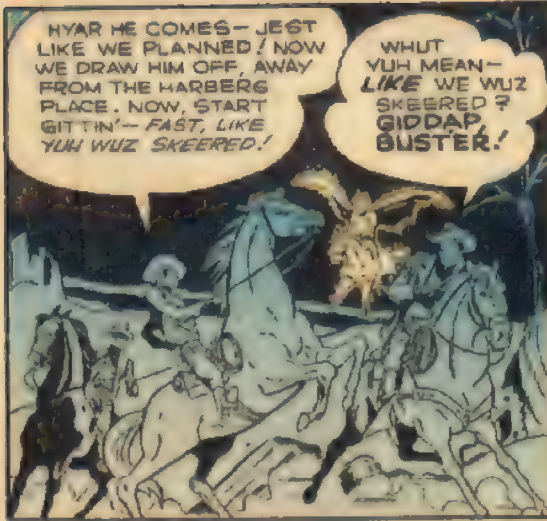
THE GHOST RIDER



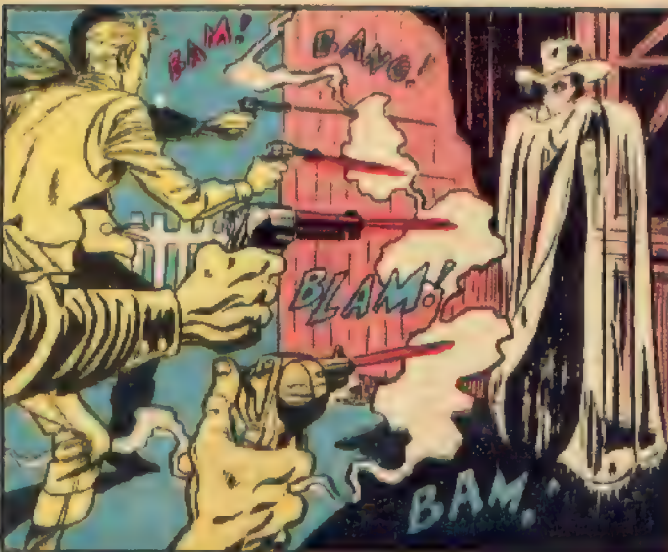
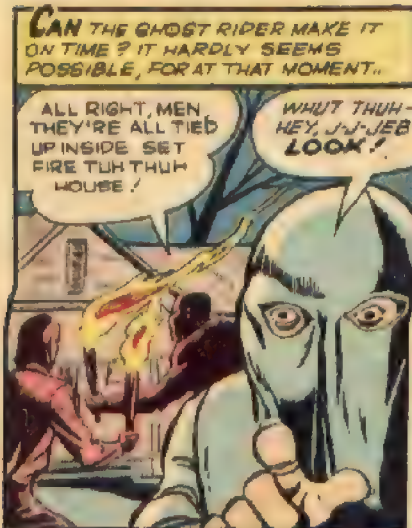
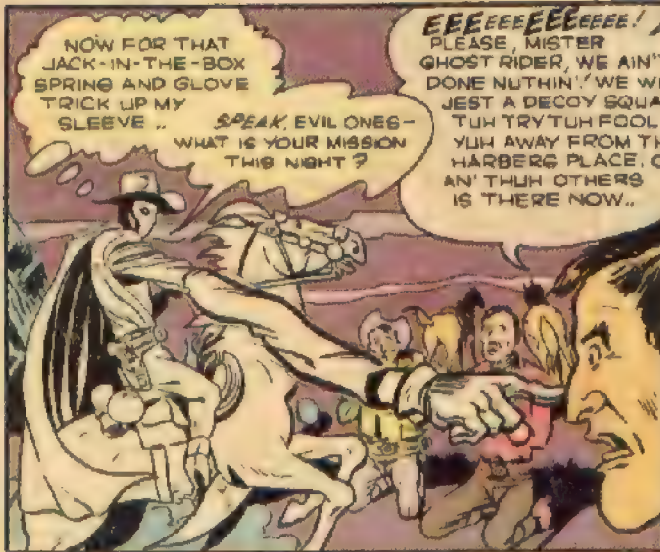
THE GHOST RIDER



THE GHOST RIDER



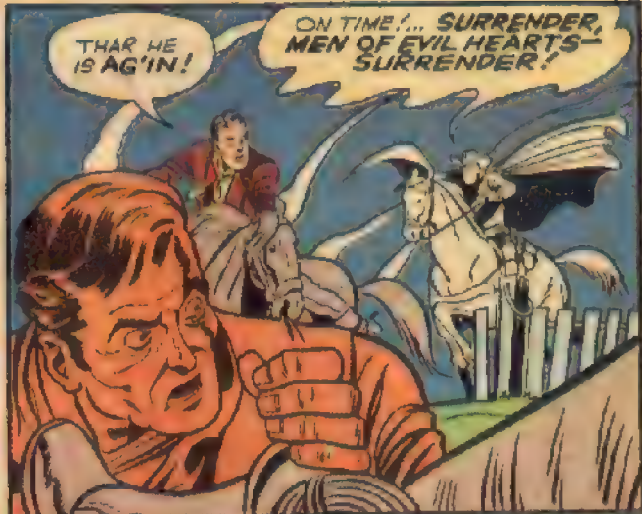
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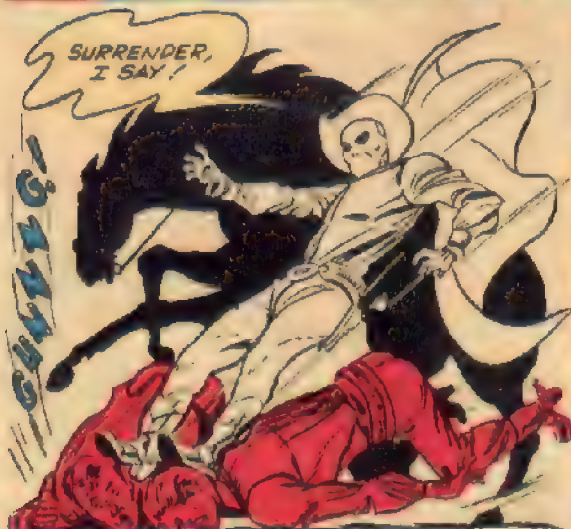
THE GHOST RIDER



NO GHOST, HE SAYS!
YIPES!
I'M A-GITTIN' OUT!



ON TIME!... SURRENDER, MEN OF EVIL HEARTS—SURRENDER!



NOW DO YOU SURRENDER?



TAKE THEM TO THE SHERIFF, HARBURG—AND NEVER FEAR AGAIN, FOR AS LONG AS THE GHOST RIDER RIDES...



the end

WESTERN RANGE BOOK



ONE OF THE MANY NOTABLE FEATS ATTRIBUTED TO THE FABULOUS WILD BILL HICKOK WAS HIS HAND-TO-HAND BATTLE WITH A GIANTIC CINNAMON BEAR. ALTHOUGH NEARLY RIPPED TO PIECES, WILD BILL MANAGED TO DOWN THE MIGHTY ANIMAL WITH HIS HUNTING KNIFE...

POETRY AND HIGHWAY ROBBERY RARELY GO HAND-IN-HAND — YET FROM 1875 TO 1893, ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL STAGE ROBBERS OF THE WEST SHOWERED HIS POETRY ON THE STAGES HE ROBBED. HIS NAME WAS BLACK BART. HE ROBBED 27 TIMES BEFORE THE LAW CAUGHT AND SENT HIM TO PRISON, BUT IN THOSE EIGHT YEARS HE HAD STOLEN AND AMASSED A FORTUNE.



THE TURKEY VULTURE — THE SCAVENGER OF THE FAR WEST — HAS A SIX-FOOT WING SPREAD. TO SEE HIM CIRCLING HIGH ABOVE THE GROUND MEANS THAT BELOW HIM THERE IS A MAN OR AN ANIMAL NEAR DEATH... OR ALREADY DEAD!

THE GHOST RIDER

THE HAUNTED HILLS

JOHNNY McKay clung to the big sandstone rock that balanced precariously on the rim of the thousand-foot drop. Below him, gleaming white in the sunlight, were the talus rocks that formed the floor of a long, narrow canyon. The sweat came out in beads on his tanned forehead. The muscles of his straining arms were loosening. His fingers began to slip.

He whispered frantically, "This is the end—unless I can get a foot on that rim-rock—pull myself up over the edge!"

For a wild moment, he hung between life and death. Then his right foot swung upward, caught at a bit of red rock, and fell away. The downward swing of his foot almost jerked his fingers from their tiny hold. *One more slip like that and I'll fall*, his mind told him.

Johnny threw his leg upward. This time it caught the red sandstone rock projection and held. He used it as a lever to drag himself over the rimrock. As he moved upward, he felt something loosen in his pocket and drop out. Casting a glance behind him, Johnny saw the little, twisting, turning rabbit's foot falling toward the talus rocks.

"My lucky piece," he panted. "That means my luck's plumb run out!"

Carefully he dragged himself to safety, visibly trembling, the cold sweat beading forehead and lips. He knelt there, grasping the root of a dwarf pinyon, trying to get back the cold nerve that had stood him in good stead in the past. He thrust a hand back, dragged out a red neckerchief, and mopped at his face. He stood up and walked on shaking legs away from the rimrock toward the safer width of the trail.

Johnny McKay was a young prospector. With pick and spade, he had dug a path from the rim of the Mogollons in Arizona, up beyond the Medicine Bow hills and westward into the Uintas. Now, overlooking the Red Desert in the distance, he was moving through an Indian-ridden range of hills, where legends told of scalping parties that rode the midnight winds, of lost groups of scalped mountain men loping along with fur packs slung across their shoulders and long rifles in their hands. Ghosts! Fabulous ghosts, all of them, running by night over

the land where their blood had been spilled.

A wry smile caught and twisted his mouth. "Reckon I'm prime bait fer such as them, too," he said, remembering the rabbit's foot and the four-leaf clover and the other luck symbols with which he crammed the pockets of his buckskin jacket and leggins. He was as superstitious as a redskin. Johnny McKay was. He crossed his fingers and knocked wood and never looked at the moon over his shoulder. A prospector for gold and silver needed all the luck he could hoard. Johnny McKay never spilled any of that luck.

He had been close to death back there, hunting the rim-rock for telltale signs of gold—without any luck. *Luck!* The word made Johnny's lips curl. He had bought luck charms from Comanche and Kiowa medicinemen, from trading-post men, from prospectors he had met anywhere from Taos to the Milk River. He thrust a hand into his pocket, pulled out a torn four-leaf clover. It lay in two halves. A bright penny with the words GOOD LUCK stamped on it went rolling and bouncing, to drop over the edge of the cliff in a gleam of red sunlight.

The rabbit's foot was gone! The clover was ripped apart! The penny had disappeared! A cold chill ran up Johnny's back. It was beginning to look bad, with all his luck charms suddenly gone or ripped apart.

Darkness was throwing black paint across the rocks. He muttered, "If I was a Wasatch or Sioux Injun, I'd make tracks out of here, plumb fast. The signs are all against me!"

A Wasatch brave had told him, on the lower slopes of the Uintas, as he was preparing for his climb, "Not go there! Bad spirits! Ghosts dance devil dance in hills on night of full moon. Spirits come take living people—take them away to never-never land!" Johnny had listened with thudding heart. For a moment, back there under the pines with the beady eyes of the Wasatch brave watching him, he had let panic flood him. But he had shrugged it off. There had been gold float in the canyon far below. It looked promising. Johnny McKay would dare ghosts where there were signs of gold.

He knew that gold did not select the places where it could be found. Sometimes a man had to go into haunted hills to find it. Just the same, Johnny threw an eye upward at the silver orb of the moon rising over the rim of the horizon, as the crimson ball of the setting sun lowered beyond the jagged edges of the Uintas.

He climbed upward, tools and pack across a shoulder. He was following an old Indian path that rose at queer angles and sharp curves around the boulders near the trail. Now he could barely see the path gleaming in the moonlight as the sun sank swiftly. Darkness threw a cloak over the mountains

THE GHOST RIDER

and shed a wet mist that came and sat on the rocks and bit through his buckskin jacket.

Johnny McKay was determined to keep on. He would beat these haunted hills and the wet dampness and—the ghosts—if it took his last bit of courage! Somewhere up here close to the rimrock was the mother vein of that float he had found down below on the canyon floor.

He walked steadily for an hour. The wind moaned fitfully in the pines. Silver moonlight gleamed all around him. Here and there he caught the glow of foxfire where the low-hanging mists sheltered the rocks and their clinging shrubs. His nerves were unsteady. His hands moved restlessly. Throwing back his head he looked up at the tree-laden hillside.

Johnny McKay halted. A bit of whiteness was up there—*moving!*

The mist and the moonlight fattered a cold spasm in his muscles. He dropped to a knee, felt for his rifle. And then with a grim chuckle, he relaxed. The whiteness was moonlight on the broad wet leaves of a bush caught at an odd angle.

He tramped on following the trail head down.

Suddenly there came a sound so vicious, so unearthly that his hair lifted under his coonskin cap. It whispered and moaned and shrieked. And in front of him—

"*Jumpin' Jehosephat!*" Johnny cried.

A man was standing on the trail. A man who was nearly naked except for Indian leggings and a strange black cross marked on his chest. His arms were upraised and his mouth was black, like some sort of bottomless pit.

"*Yeeaaaagggghhhleeeoooooo.*"

It was a scream of agony torn out of the silvery figure on the trail. The arms writhed, twisting. The figure took a step and then another.

Johnny felt his paralysis drop from him. His memory shouted at him. *The Wastah brave told you all about the ghosts up here! Ghosts that come for living men and take them to the never-never land!*

Johnny whirled and ran. He threw his tools one way and his rifle another. He heard the pounding, echoing beat of feet thudding along the trail after him.

He ran on, up a rocky slope, across a flat, mist-laden stretch of ground. On either side of him big boulders stood like gigantic cannonballs. As Johnny turned to go up a narrow pathway between two of the largest boulders, he felt hands catch at his shoulders. His feet went out from under him. As he fell, his head whacked hard on the stone trail.

Johnny McKay opened his eyes to hot sunlight. He lay face down on a yellowish rock that moved as he twisted upright. Memory returned—a memory of drumming feet and hands catching at him—of falling.

A lowhanging ocotilla shrub, growing from the side of the hill, had fastened its spiny branches in the fringes across the shoulders of his buckskin jacket. In the darkness, they had felt like human hands—the hands of that silvery man he had seen back yonder!

Johnny laughed in shame. "Spooked by a plant! Doggone, reckon I'm as scarey as a new-born baby!"

If the hands had been only ocotilla plants, perhaps the silvery figure—he stopped suddenly in his thinking. He bent and picked up the yellowish rock that had cradled his face during the night as he lay unconscious.

"Gold!" he whispered, staring at it. His eyes went up the rock trail, opened wide. "A thick, solid vein of gold! Great gila monsters! If I hadn't been runnin' from that ghost I'd never have seen this!"

Exultation beat in his chest. He had made a strike! A strike that would make him rich beyond his wildest wish! And he had found it after he had lost his luck charms, after everything seemed against him, after all the worst "signs" that a human could have!

Maybe he thought, *this luck business is overworked. Maybe a man is his own good or bad luck—and things like rabbit's feet and clovers have nothing to do with it!*

He was walking back down the path where the silvery man had chased him last night. He heard his footsteps echoing across the rocks. He was walking in a natural bowl that reflected sound as a mirror reflects light. *He had heard the echoes of his own running feet and imagined them the running feet of the silvery man!*

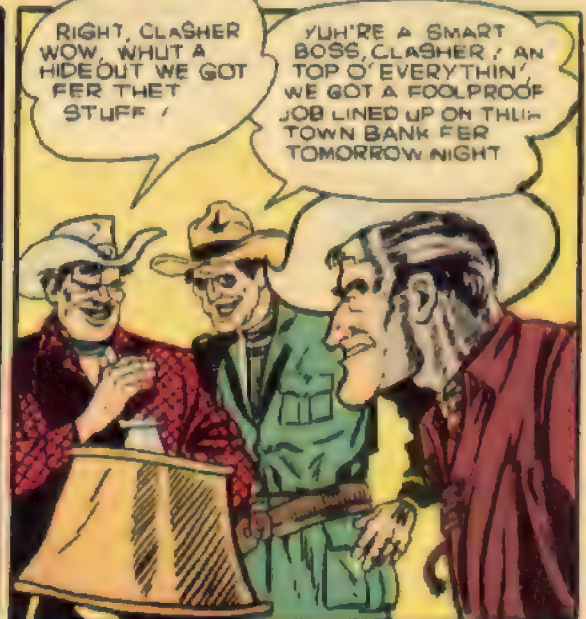
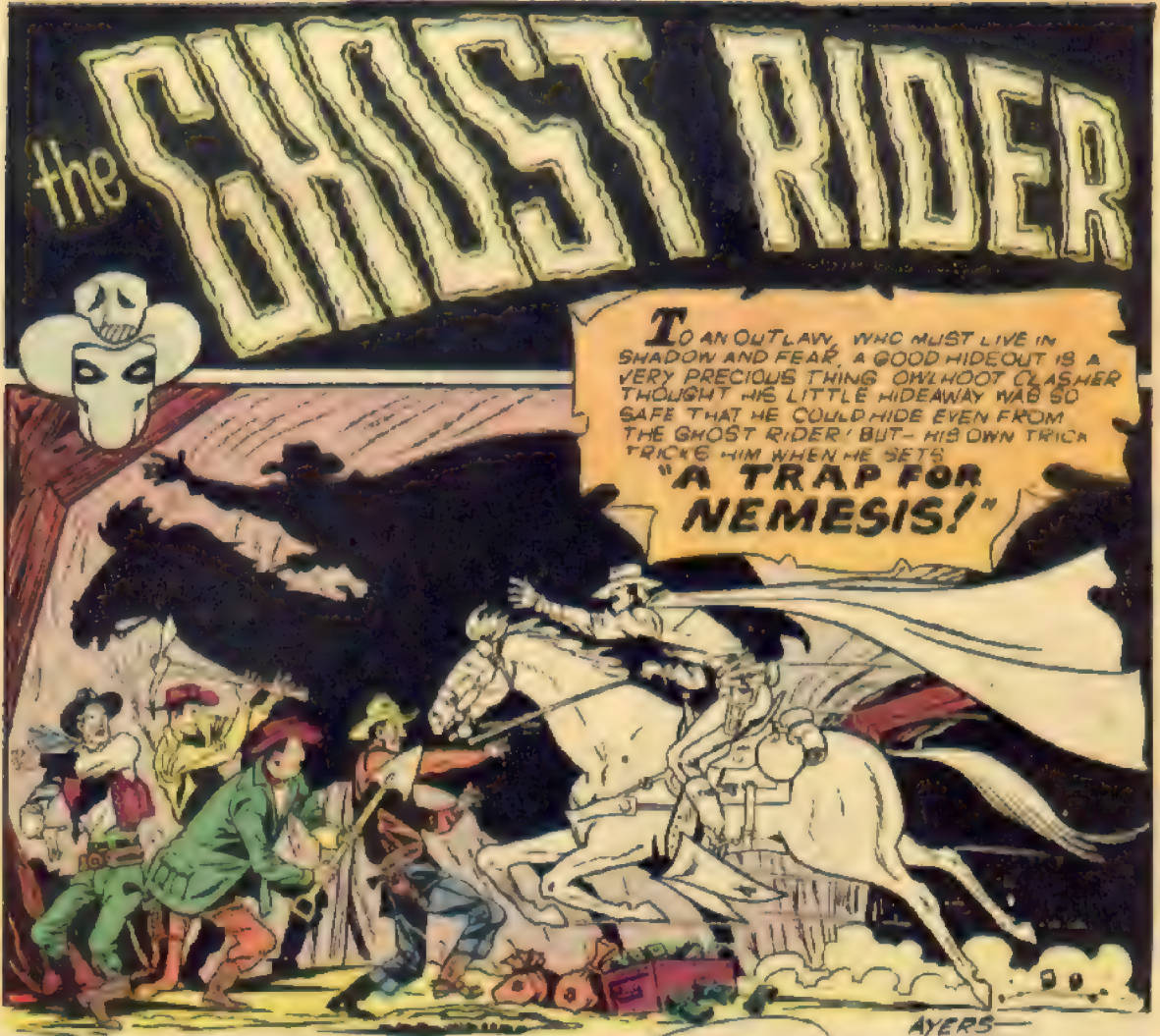
And then the last bit of superstition fell away from Johnny McKay. For he was looking at a vein of white rock, shaped like a man—that in the moonlight and the mists he had fancied lived and ran. And the screams he had heard had been the wind moaning in the rocks, as it moaned even now.

Beyond the "silvery man," the trail ended abruptly as though a giant's knife had sliced away the stone. Below, a thousand feet, lay talus rock and boulders. If he had walked past that "silvery man" in the mists last night—he would be dead now.

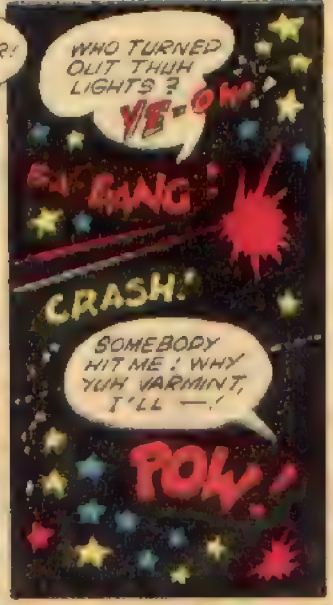
Sighing, staring up at the blue sky, and feeling how good it was to be alive, Johnny McKay said, "The next rabbit's foot I see—I'm going to throw as far away as I can!"

THE END

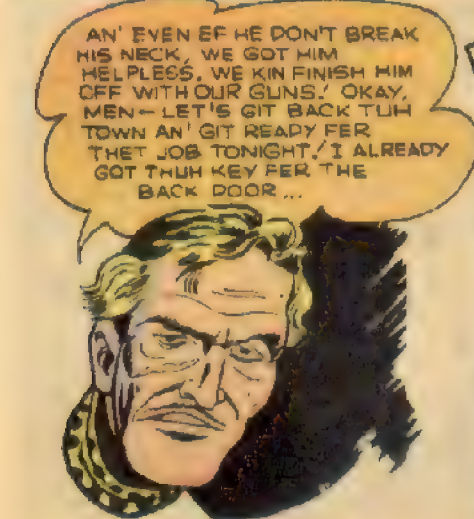
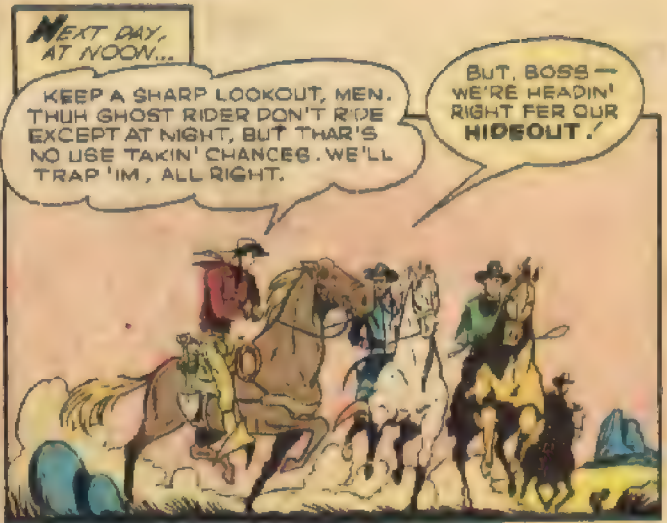
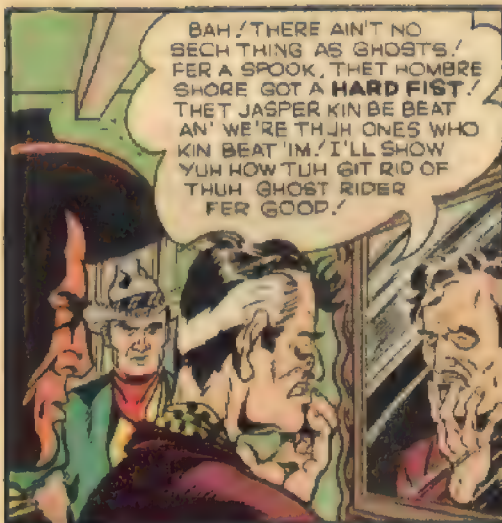
THE GHOST RIDER



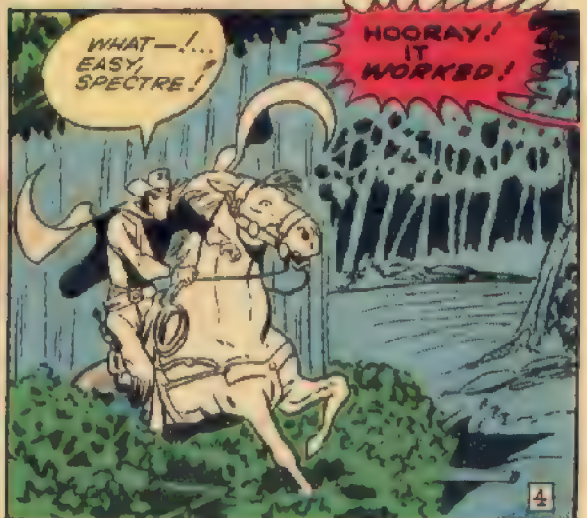
THE GHOST RIDER



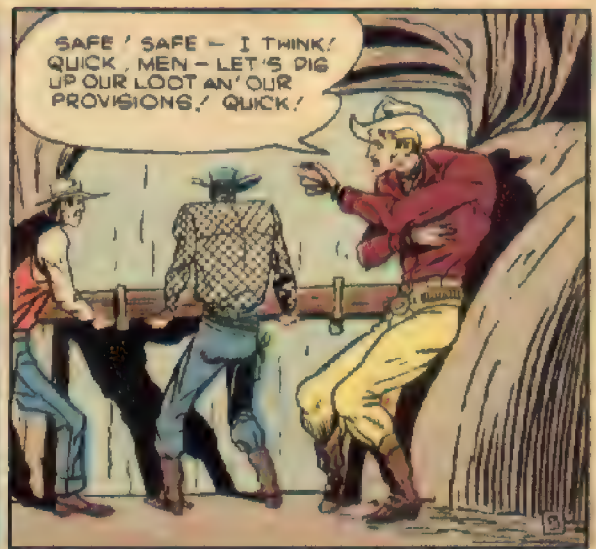
THE GHOST RIDER



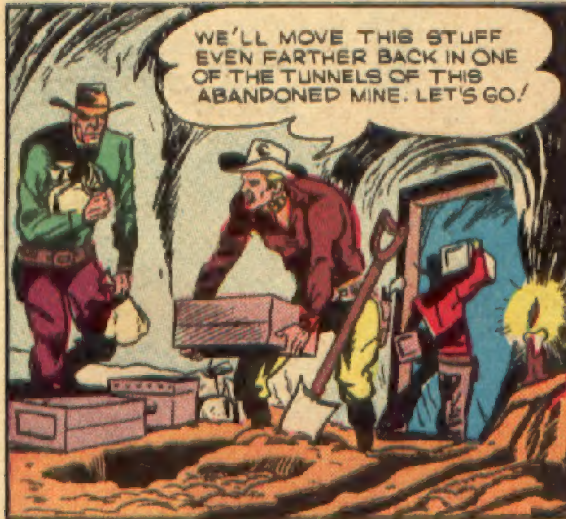
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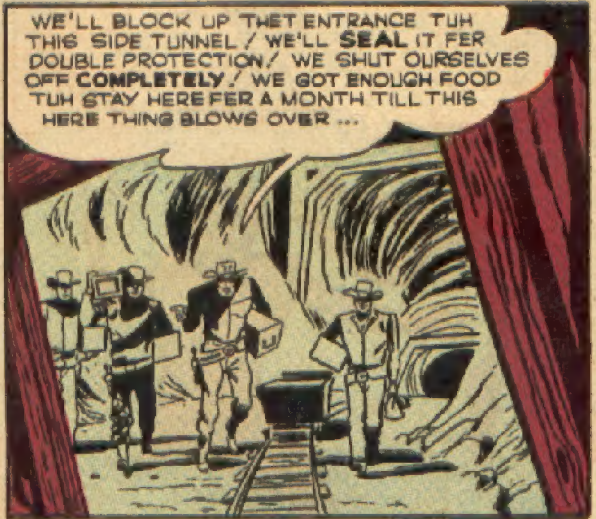
THE GHOST RIDER



THE GHOST RIDER



WE'LL MOVE THIS STUFF EVEN FARTHER BACK IN ONE OF THE TUNNELS OF THIS ABANDONED MINE. LET'S GO!



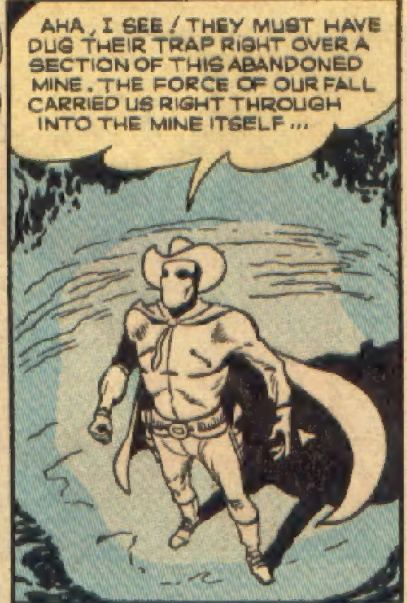
WE'LL BLOCK UP THE ENTRANCE TO THIS SIDE TUNNEL / WE'LL SEAL IT FOR DOUBLE PROTECTION / WE SHUT OURSELVES OFF COMPLETELY / WE GOT ENOUGH FOOD TO STAY HERE FOR A MONTH TILL THIS HERE THING BLOWS OVER ...



MEANWHILE ...



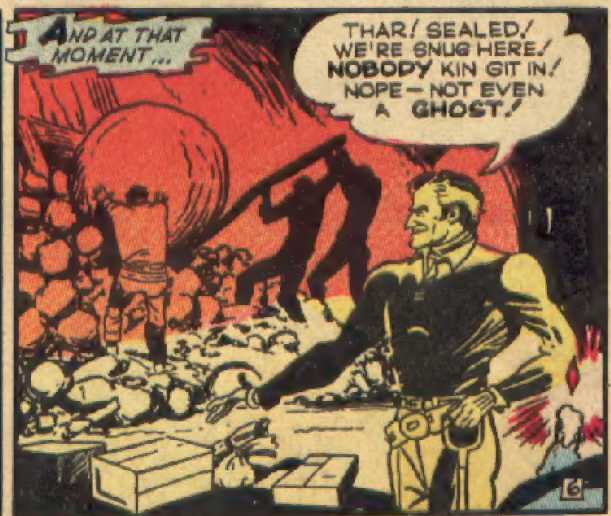
WHAT- WHAT HAPPENED? THAT HOLE ... FELL THROUGH ... AH, SPECTRE, YOU'RE NOT HURT / I GUESS I'M NOT EITHER, BONES SEEM TO BE ALL RIGHT. THIS SOFT EARTH MUST HAVE CUSHIONED OUR FALL.



AHA, I SEE / THEY MUST HAVE DUG THEIR TRAP RIGHT OVER A SECTION OF THIS ABANDONED MINE. THE FORCE OF OUR FALL CARRIED US RIGHT THROUGH INTO THE MINE ITSELF ...



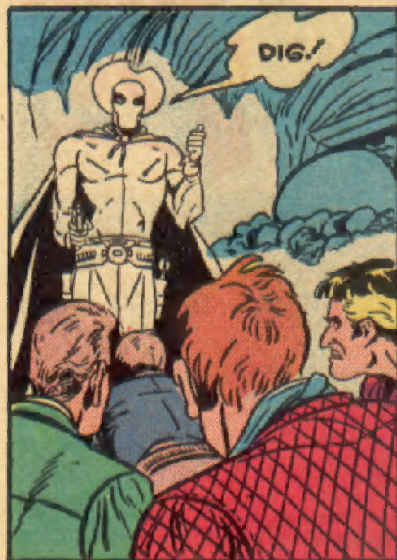
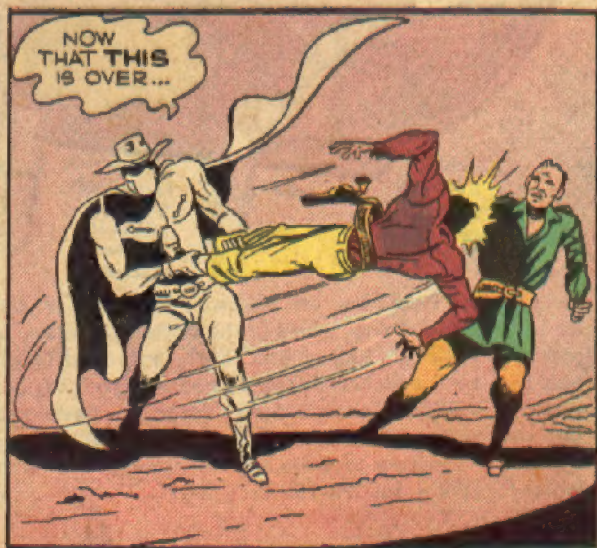
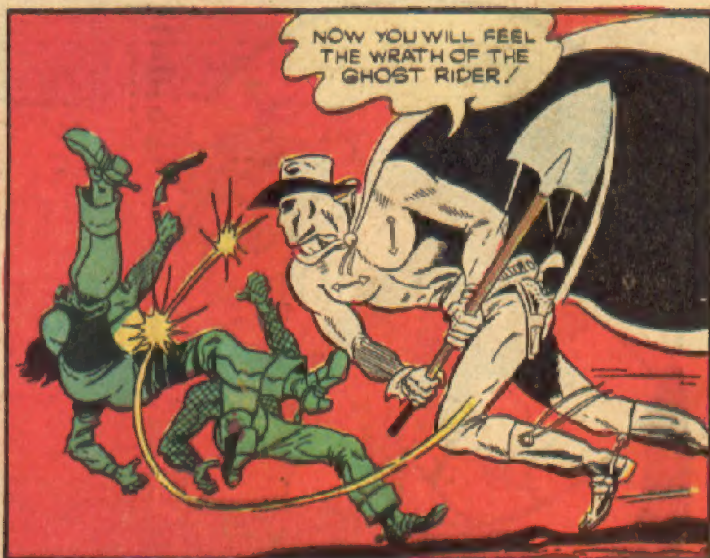
IT'S DARK IN HERE — BUT WE SHALL SEE WHAT WE SHALL SEE ...



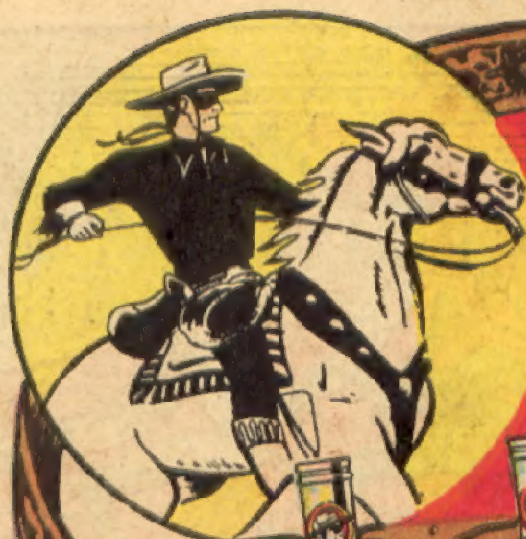
AND AT THAT MOMENT ...

THAT / SEALED / WE'RE SNUG HERE / NOBODY KIN GIT IN / NOPE — NOT EVEN A GHOST!

THE GHOST RIDER



THE GHOST RIDER



HI-YO! KIDS! LONE RANGER'S 'Silver Bullet' BALL POINT Pen Set With Cowboy's Belt

Belt and Cartridge
Holder Genuine
Tooled Steerhide — Engraved
Silvery Metal "Fixings"

For Ranger's
Secret Code
3-Pen Set
Writes in
3 different
Colors!

See TEXAS
LONGHORN
BUCKLE —
also TIP
and GUARD —
engraved in
simulated
SILVER!

Lone Ranger Pal! Now use his own "Silver Bullet" pen set for his secret code! Carry safely in the cartridge holder of this real steerhide cowboy's belt — with silvery engraved longhorn buckle and fixings — all included. These Lone Ranger pens are real writing sure-nuff ball point pens in bullet shape — never need filling! Use pen with picture of the Lone Ranger to write BLUE for secret. Use pen with Silver's picture to write RED for danger. Pen with Tonto's picture writes GREEN — for "HI-YO! Let's GO!"

BE FIRST TO WEAR IT!

Your crowd will envy you as first to have the LONE RANGER'S "Silver Bullet" pen set with cowboy belt. A good looker, too! Belt and cartridge holder are finest steerhide, tooled real Western style with oak-leaf pattern, and holder has engraved pictures of the Ranger, Silver and Tonto. Handsome

buckle, tip and guard are engraved in simulated silver. Buckle design is real cowhand style with head and horns of wild Texas longhorn. Yet belt and "Silver Bullet" pen set complete are only \$1.98 — belt sizes are 22 to 32 — and you can try on at no cost! Read this thrilling offer!

SEND NO MONEY

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